

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1991 • \$3.95

THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

OUR ALL-AMERICAN GIRL
LISA MATTHEWS

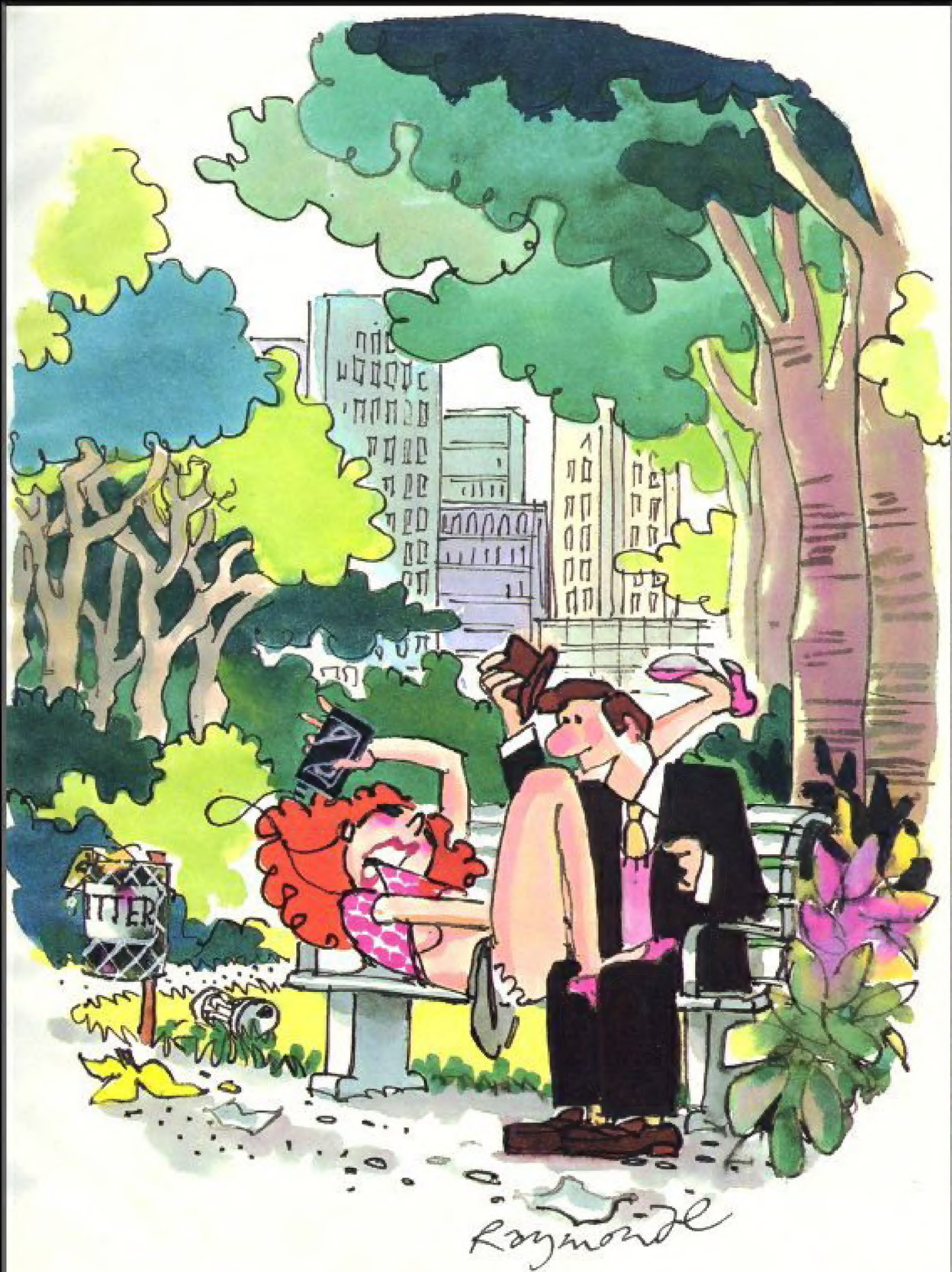
**HOW NEIL BUSH
WENT ASTRAY**

**THE WOMEN
OF COMEDY**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
MACNEIL
AND LEHRER**

**REMARKABLE
WAR FICTION
BY JAMES JONES**





"Pardon me, miss—but I'd surely like to get a copy of whatever it is you're listening to."



Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together and give a big welcome to a fabulous fivesome, a quotable quintet of sidesplitting sisters, gorgeous gagsters, professional comediennes who are not only funny but beautiful. On this page, clockwise from top left, are Oklahoma-born Diana Jordan, Louisianian Rhonda Shear, Atlanta native Kitt Scott and Ria Coyne, who hails from Scranton, Pennsyl-



vania. Kitt works out of New York; the rest are L.A.-based. As for the mischievous miss on the opposite page, you'll more easily recognize her when she stops fooling around with that blonde wig and matching merkin: She's Rosanne Katon, our Playmate of the Month for September 1978. All five have forged successful careers in stand-up comedy—more often despite than because of their good looks.

who says comedy isn't pretty?

FUNNY GIRLS







It used to be that all comediennees looked like Totie Fields or Moms Mabley. But comedy today isn't just pretty, it's downright sexy. Although a mere ten percent of the 4000 comedians currently working are women, some of them are knockouts. One such is Rhonda Shear. "When I started in stand-up," she recalls, "everyone said, 'You'll never make people laugh. You're too pretty.' Well, I wanted to prove that a woman can be attractive and sexy and still be a comic. So I went to *Playboy* with the idea for this pictorial." Rhonda, who started out in 1987 opening for Wayland Flowers and Madame, is now on the bill in Vegas with the likes of Joe Piscopo and hosts cable's *Up All Night* cult-movie fest on Fridays. Rosanne Katon, *Playboy's* Miss September 1978, does reality-based stand-up. A recent example: "Saudi Arabia is the safest place for a black guy today. Only three black guys have been killed there since the war started. Three have been killed in L.A. in the past sixty minutes." Diana Jordan used to be a lounge singer. When she found herself spending more time on her patter than on her songs, she enrolled in a comedy class (fellow students: Robin Williams and John Ritter). Now she appears on cable and headlines at clubs across the country. Nine years ago, Ria Coyne boarded a Greyhound bus from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to Los Angeles with \$75 in her pocket. After a succession of bizarre jobs, including wearing a six-foot chicken costume (she passed out from its weight) and selling lemonade at the Gay Pride Parade, she broke into acting (three films last year) and comedy, which she finds therapeutic. "A sense of humor can get you through anything," she says. "I like to think (text concluded on page 96)



KITT SCOTT "When I was ten, I used to take my father's magazines, cut the heads off the models, paste my pictures on the bodies and tell everybody, 'That's me!' You can imagine what kind of trouble that caused," says Kitt. Seriously, she observes, "There's a fine line between being a pretty, funny woman and being a bimbo." Kitt gets laughs from family jokes: "I went to the school of hard knocks and my mother was the principal."

RHONDA SHEAR Playboy and Rhonda go waaay back—to April 1977's *The Girls of the New South*, as a result of which, although she'd posed in a full-length ball gown, blue-noses stripped her of her title as Queen of the Floral Trails Society. She won others, though, and mines her beauty-pageant experience for material ("One girl had her breasts done and one was larger than the other. In the swimsuit competition, she placed first and third").



RIA COYNE A self-described combination of Goldie Hawn, Betty Boop and Marilyn Monroe, Ria claims that her childhood role model was Barbie. "You know, blonde hair, extensive wardrobe, no nipples." Things have obviously changed. "The other day, my boyfriend said, 'You can't show your breasts in *Playboy*. They're not just your breasts, they're our breasts.' Yeah, well, my breasts got paid." When it comes to dressing-room decor (opposite page), it appears that Betty Boop has won out over Goldie and Marilyn.



DIANA JORDAN "The greatest thing about doing stand-up," says Diana, "is that I make lots of money for doing the things I got in trouble doing as a kid: talking loud and nasty, acting weird and stupid." Philosophizing about the difficulty women have breaking into the field, she observes, "If you're pretty, you'd better be damn funny. Men are absolutely intimidated by funny women." But now that she's posing for *Playboy*, she jokes, "Kellogg's wants me to be on the box of its new cereal—I Ain't Wearing Nuttin' Honey."







PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

of myself as the Dr. Ruth of comedy." Ex-model Kitt Scott taxied off the fashion runway when, after a European stint, she "got tired of being a human pincushion." Whoopi Goldberg, whom she met in New York, told her she was funny; so did Arsenio Hall after he caught her five-minute ad-libbed act at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles. "That locked it in for me," she says. "I've been doing comedy ever since." So here they are, five women who explode the myth that looks, humor and intelligence are mutually exclusive. After all, if Woody Allen can be a sex symbol, then, damn it, so can Carol Burnett. —DONNA COE



ROSANNE KATON She was born in New York City but brought up in Jamaica. "Jamaicans," she quips in a favorite routine, "are a group of Afro-American immigrants even blacks don't like. We're blacks from the bizzarro world. My family went on *Family Feud* and it was a disaster. They asked for the top five soft drinks and my mother said, 'Chicken blood.'" Setting shtick aside, Rosanne disagrees with Diana: "I don't think men are threatened by women who are funny. I do think that women censor themselves."







"Wow! Your high school yearbook picture doesn't do you justice."

SASKIA LINNSEN has romantic dreams for a down-to-earth Dutch girl. Although she protests that she isn't impressed with the trappings of wealth, she waxes rhapsodic—in her alluring Hollander accent—when asked to describe her dream trip. "I'd love to ride horses in the Scottish Highlands, among the castles and the ruins. I'd go away for a week, take some food, stay in the shelters up there." For those of you imagining yourselves playing a Scottish Roy Rogers to her Dutch Dale Evans, whoa, boys!—rein yourselves in. She continues, "I like to ride alone, when the weather is not good. I want to hear the birds, see wild animals, not be with people." If you

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN



GOING DUTCH

june playmate saskia linszen lives life at a gallop





We noticed Saskia's horseplay in Playboy's Dutch edition and sent her after the foxes in England for our photo shoot. An equestrienne since the age of eight, she calls horses her "obsession" and plans to buy one when (and if) she settles down.

















MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Saskia Linssen

BUST: 97cm WAIST: 68cm HIPS: 97cm

HEIGHT: 1.76 m WEIGHT: 59 Kg

BIRTH DATE: 16-02-'70 BIRTHPLACE: VENLO, Holland

AMBITIONS: Find a job which makes me happy, have my own horse and meet a lot of nice people

TURN-ONS: good-looking men in nice suits / shorts, horse riding on the beach, a good horror movie

TURN-OFFS: To get out of my bed in the morning, fish, arrogant people, being broke, feeling alone!

WHAT I WONDER ABOUT AMERICANS: How do they decide where to have dinner? You have so many restaurants!

HOW MY MEN ARE EXACTLY LIKE HORSES: I ask both to wear saddles and obey, but neither wants to!

THE FOOLPROOF WAY TO WIN ME OVER: Buy me the biggest stuffed animal you can find!

QUALITIES I LOOK FOR IN A MAN: Romantic and macho at the same time, and as strong willed as I am.



Early days



Euro hair



Dutch girl at Great America

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In an effort to bolster his popularity, Mikhail Gorbachev ventured to an agricultural community near Moscow. "Well, Comrade, how did the potatoes do this year?" he asked one farmer.

"Very well, Comrade President," the farmer replied. "If we piled them up, they would reach God."

"But God does not exist, Comrade Farmer."

"Nor do the potatoes, Comrade President."



A successful commodities broker, eager to diversify his investments, saw an ad for a thoroughbred stallion for only \$100. Curious, he drove out to the stud farm the next day. "What's the deal with the horse?" he asked the owner.

"See for yourself," the farmer said, pointing toward a horse asleep in a field. "I'll just give a whistle."

At the sound, the horse's ears stood up. It started to gallop toward them, then ran into a tree, fell down, got back up, then ran into the tree again.

"What are you trying to do," the angry broker huffed, "sell me a blind horse?"

"It's not blind," the farmer replied. "It just don't give a fuck."

Insiders report that while President Bush was weekending at Camp David, Dan Quayle sent 100,000 additional troops to the gulf on his own authority. Only problem was, Mexico sent them back.

Three old men, all long-term patients, regularly met in the hospital exercise room. "It sure would be nice," the first said, "if that sexy brunette on the eight-to-four shift would show a little more leg."

"What would be nicer," mused the second, "is if that gorgeous raven-haired nurse on the four-to-twelve shift would open her blouse a little more."

"No, I'll tell you what would be *really* nice," insisted the third. "It would be *really* nice if the luscious blonde on the twelve-to-eight shift would sleep with one of *you* guys for a change."

What's the difference between a lawyer and a football? You get only three points for kicking a football between the uprights.

As the corporation's national sales meeting got under way, one particularly cocky salesman was approached by a stern-looking man. "Excuse me," he said, "are you Bo Jones?"

"That's me," the confident young man replied. "Bo Jones is the name, selling's my game."

"Tell me, were you in Adama two months ago?"

Jones began leafing through his diary. "Two months ago? Why, yes, I sure was."

"And did you stay at the Lacey Motel?"

"Now, let me see. Yes, here it is, the Lacey Motel."

"And did you stay in room 3121?"

"Hang on," he murmured as he turned a page. "Yes, I did."

"Next to a Mrs. Porter?"

"Mrs. Porter? Hmmm. . . . Why, yes, she was in room 3123."

"And you slept with her on Saturday night?"

"Just a second," the salesman replied as he checked his entries. "Yes, you're right, I *did* give her a bit of the in-and-out."

The stranger turned bright red. "Well, I am her husband, Mr. Jones, and I don't like it."

The salesman looked at the diary again. "Mrs. Porter, Lacey Motel, room 3123," he read. "No, sir, neither did I."

How can you tell if a model is a nymphomaniac? She'll make love the same day she has her hair done.



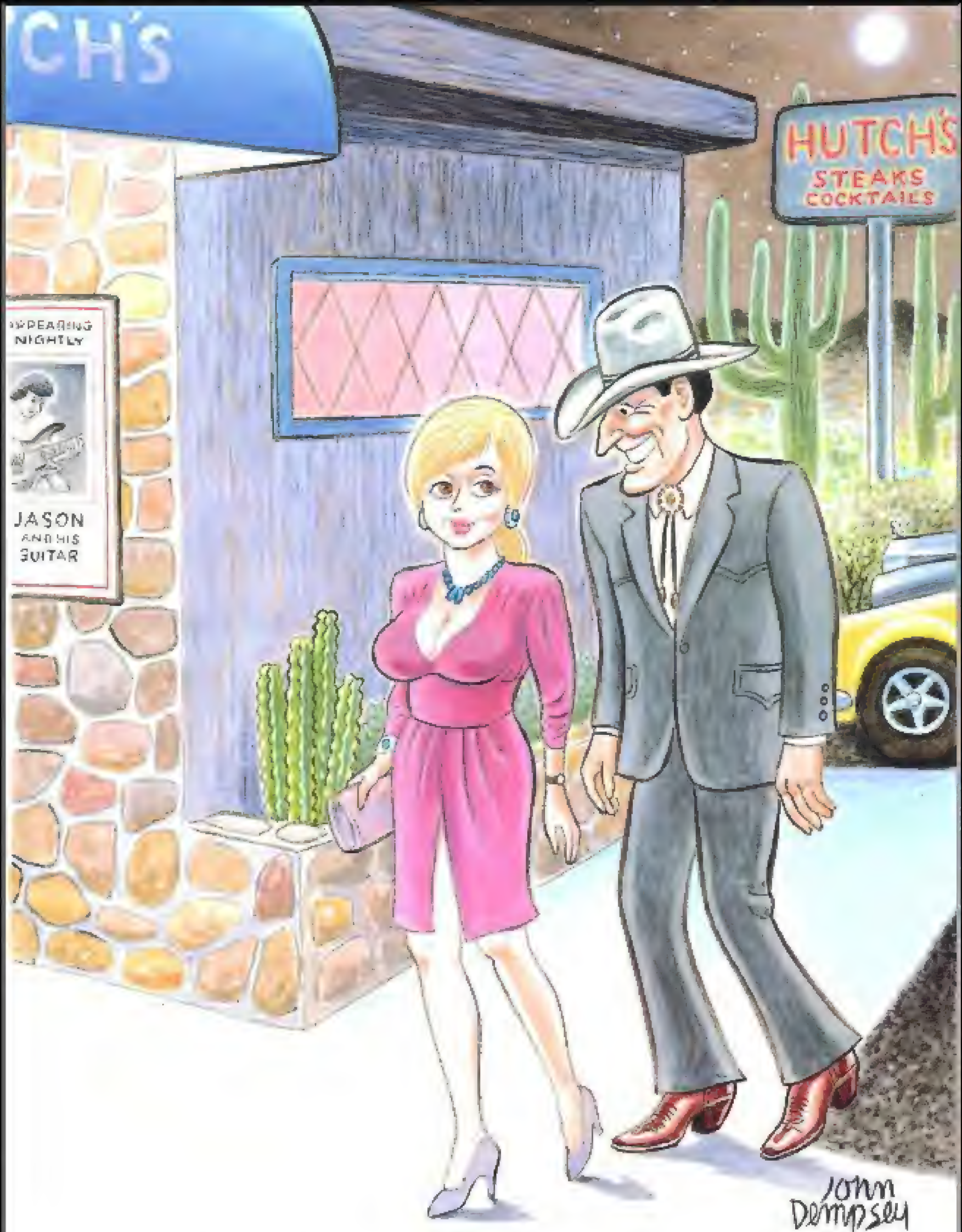
Two men were applying for the same job. Both had excellent academic credentials and superb skills and experience. In order to choose between them, the employer challenged them to come up with a poem ending with the word Timbuktu. The first candidate immediately recited, "Out across the desert sand/ Rode a lonely caravan/ Underneath the sky so blue/ Destination: Timbuktu."

The second candidate was hard-pressed to come up with a better effort. He was just about to concede defeat when inspiration struck: "Me and Tim a-fishing went,/ Saw three women in a tent./ They being three and we being two./ I bucked one and Tim bucked two."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Sir, might we have a teensy peek into your luggage?"



"Do I mind your being a vegetarian? Honey, I wouldn't mind if you ate cactus."



"When you look up into that velvety darkness, Melanie, and see those countless shimmering stars a zillion light-years away, doesn't it make taking off your bra seem a very small and insignificant event?"

Playmate

OF THE YEAR

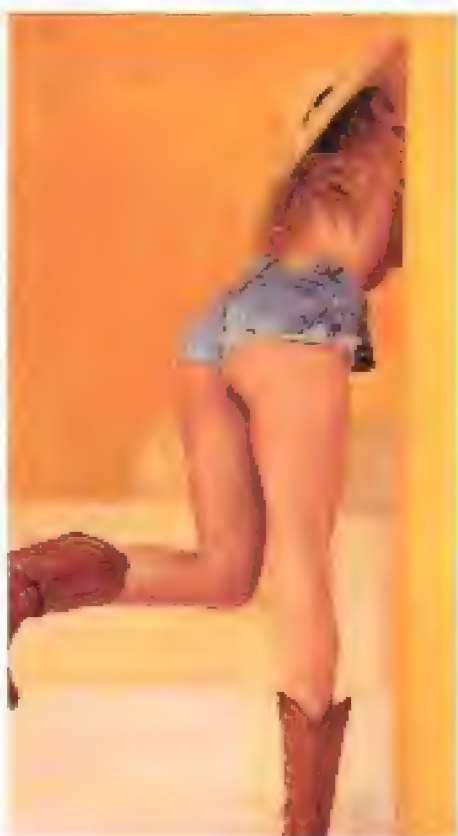
lisa matthews, the girl with the all-american look, wins playboy's top title

LISA MATTHEWS looks like an all-American girl, a point not lost on the photographers with whom she's such a popular model. One recently cast about for a prop that perfectly suited her appeal and automatically picked an American flag. Later, when the war in the Persian Gulf broke out, Lisa became concerned that the flag shot might be misinterpreted as exploitative—and insisted on reshooting it. That's typical of this year's Playmate of the Year. Sometimes Lisa seems so fresh-scrubbed and altogether pleasant you assume she's straight from some farm town that exists only in Garrison Keillor's imagination. There's even her unabashed love of animals—including her two pet chinchillas, Chester and Chelsea, and her dream of owning a cow named Hank. But Lisa is actually from Ventura County, just north of Los Angeles. It might not be a metropolis, but it's not Mayberry, either. "When I go on modeling auditions, a lot of people say to me, 'You're nice,' as if they expected me to be some sort of bitch. I guess growing up in Ventura County, you're not as competitive as if you'd grown up in L.A."

"I don't see anything special about the way I look," says Lisa modestly. "I'm just the girl next door, Miss Natural."







Her selection as Playmate of the Year was a natural, and it was endorsed by the enthusiasm of her fans. She received more than twice as many votes in the Playmate Phone-In as any other candidate.

"I don't really care what men look like. A guy doesn't have to be a certain height or be a body-builder," says Lisa. "I just want to date someone who's fun." For Lisa, fun means dancing, hitting the beach or horseback riding. "Riding is my kind of therapy. Put me on a horse and I'm fine."





Be fitting her humbler side, Lisa admitted being stunned when she found out she was going to be Playmate of the Year. "I would have given me zero chance," she says. "Me? Playmate of the Year? Hey, I'm glad I got a month." Nonetheless, Lisa is probably a bit better prepared than some of her predecessors, since she has had some savvy coaching from Renée Tenison, last year's Playmate of the Year, who is also her roommate in Los Angeles. The two met while staying at Playboy Mansion West (Lisa was working on her video centerfold; Renée had come to town from her home in Idaho to shoot her P.M.O.Y. layout) and they became fast friends. Since Lisa has been busy modeling—and traveling to Mexico to shoot her Playmate of the Year layout—and Renée commutes from Idaho, their apartment has yet to acquire that lived-in look. There's no artwork on the walls, and the kitchen would make Julia Child faint. "We have diet Coke, chocolate Teddy Grahams and a few cans of soup," says Lisa cheerfully. "I eat tons of junk food. I don't eat very healthily at all." She was famous during her P.M.O.Y. shoot for hiding candy around the set and ferreting it out between shots. Nor does Lisa bother to exercise. "I tried it. I would get on the treadmill for about an hour, but it bored the hell out of me. I'd rather take a walk outside." Lisa does get exercise on the dance floor. She and Renée love to dance and frequently hit the local clubs, often with Playmate Cristy Thom in tow. "We're a regular United Nations," Lisa points out, "a black, an Asian and a blonde."











The three go unescorted: Reneé has a boyfriend in Idaho and Lisa is a reluctant dater. She has just broken up with one boyfriend and says, "I can't just go out on a date without really knowing someone. I get too nervous and then I call up and cancel, and then I feel really bad." For the moment, most of Lisa's energy is devoted to being Playmate of the Year. She's researching ways to invest her \$100,000 cash prize and she's looking forward to her gala party at Playboy Mansion West. But she's not the only one—her 14-year-old brother, Trenton, is also excited. Lisa took him to the Mansion once before and introduced him to the First Lady of the house, Kimberley Conrad Hefner. "He thought it was the best place in the world," Lisa reports, "because he could get a chocolate shake whenever he wanted."



Once in Love with Amy

Would you like to see more of AMY WYANT? Go hang out at your local video store and ask for *Underwater Fantasy*, part two, or Vanilla Ice's music video *Stop That Train*. Horror-movie fans need look no further than the upcoming *Eat* for yet another glimpse of the delectable Amy.

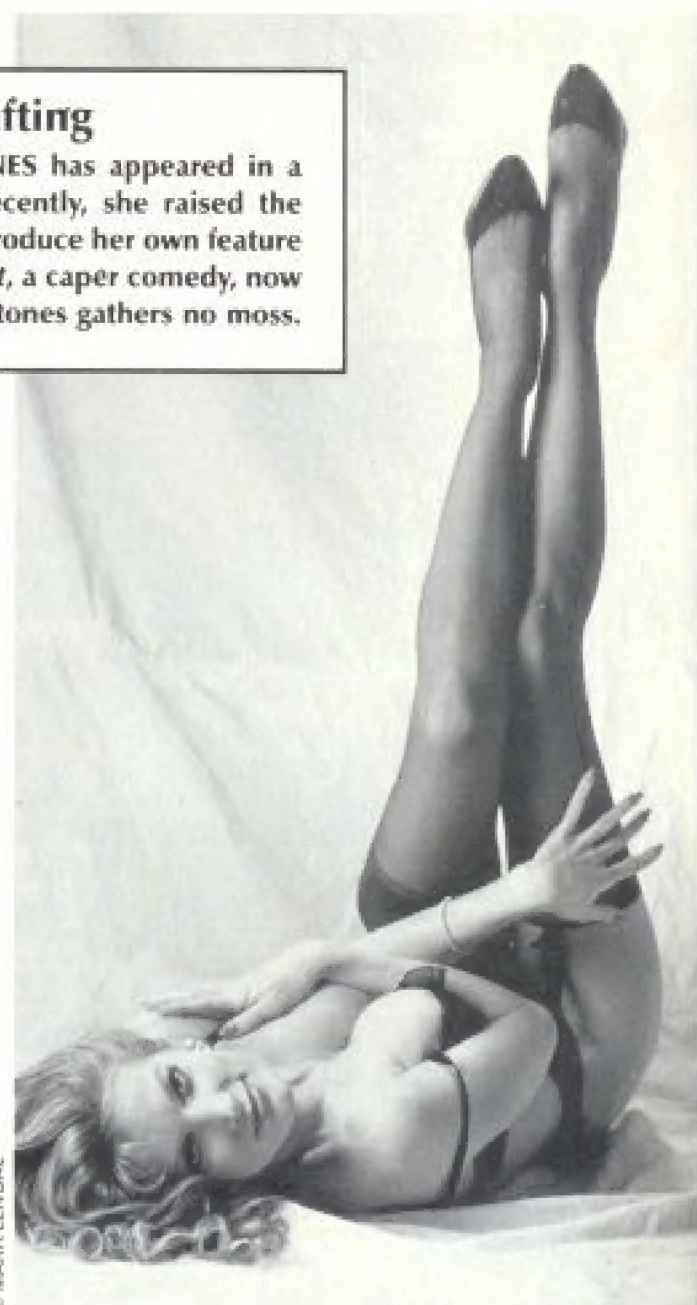
DOUGLAS MAGEY



Uplifting

Actress TAMMY STONES has appeared in a variety of movies. Recently, she raised the money to write and produce her own feature film, *Neurotic Cabaret*, a caper comedy, now out on home video. Stones gathers no moss.

© MARK LEINDAL



PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Wealth of Material

Every so often, we like to point out hot stuff in Chicago. Exhibit A: MATERIAL ISSUE, whose album *International Pop Overthrow* is making major waves. Drummer Mike Zelenko says the group's dream is to be immortalized in Muzak: "That's success, man."

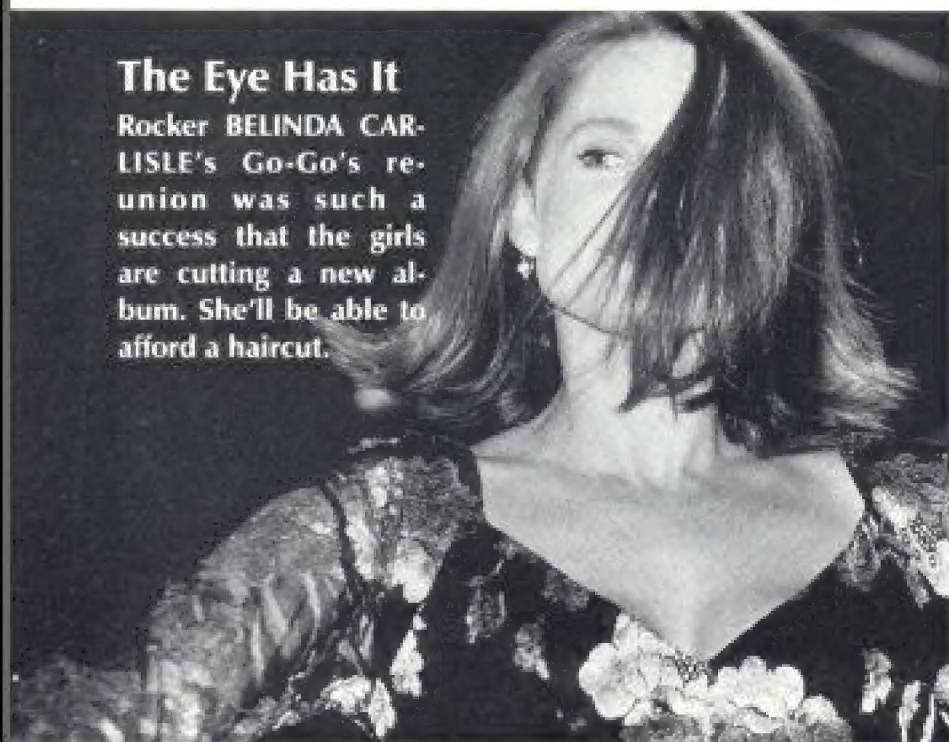


Tornados Heavy, Damage Light

The TEXAS TORNADOS (left to right), Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, Freddy Fender and Flaco Jimenez, collectively represent about 125 years of musical know-how. These guys are now playing together—from polkas to R&B to Mexican boleros—on tour and in the studio. Boogie Tex-Mex style.

The Eye Has It

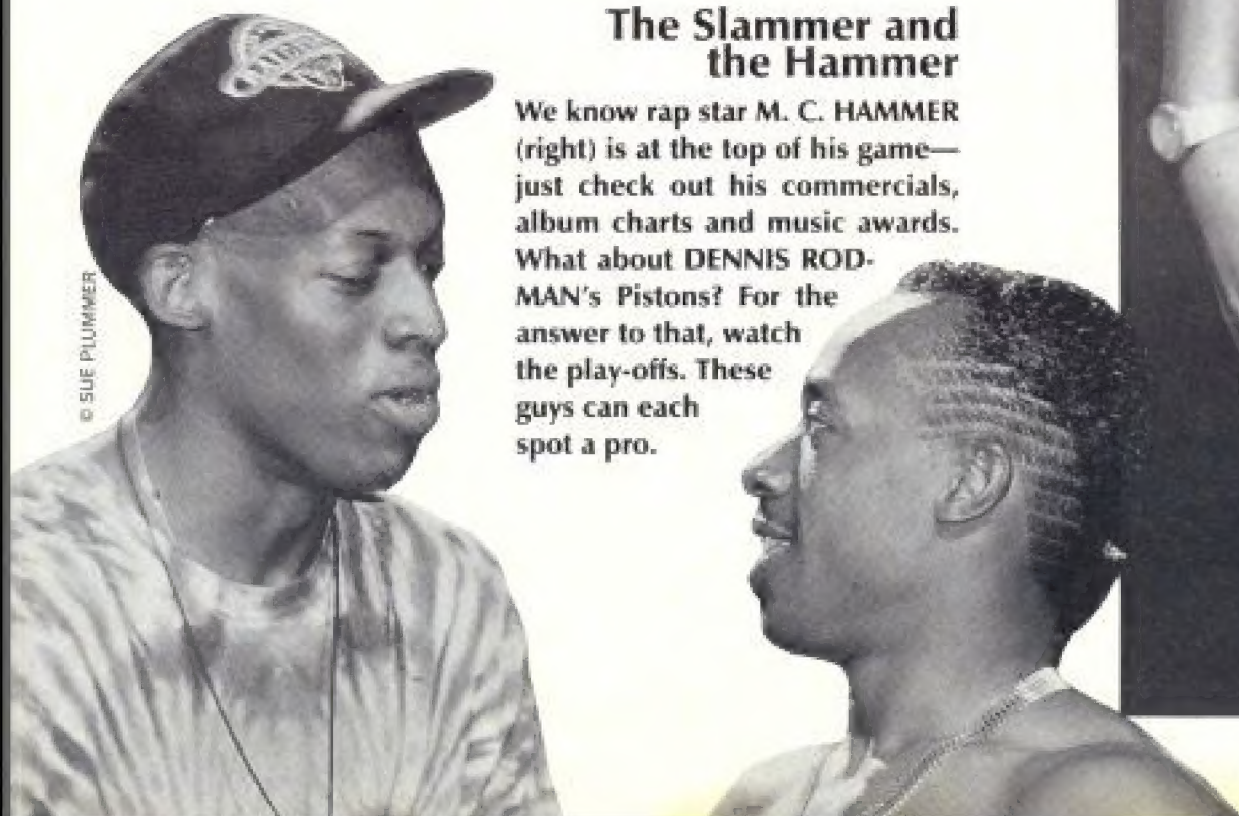
Rocker BELINDA CARLISLE's Go-Go's reunion was such a success that the girls are cutting a new album. She'll be able to afford a haircut.



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The Slammer and the Hammer

We know rap star M. C. HAMMER (right) is at the top of his game—just check out his commercials, album charts and music awards. What about DENNIS RODMAN's Pistons? For the answer to that, watch the play-offs. These guys can each spot a pro.



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Gina's Gonna Make You Sweat

GINA O'CONNELL appeared as a British Page 3 Girl and in a Def Leppard video, but her best trick so far was to go from Miss Wet T-Shirt U.K. to no T-shirt at all! We'd like to thank her for thinking of us at Grapevine.

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